

TUESDAY, MAY 21, 1918

"Sister Chick," in Trenches As War Nurse Since 1914, Twice Decorated for Bravery

Countess de Cerrantes Mazzuchi, Her Chateau Destroyed
by Shellfire, Went to Battle Lines to Help Wounded,
Served on French and Italian Fronts, Once Single
Handed Captured German Ambulance.

By Jack Drouillard

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TO those who are giving to the American Red Cross, this message from an Italian war nurse arrived from the immediate front only two weeks will serve to fortify that spirit and impel them to give more; to those who, perchance, have not given of their material wealth, it will hit straight between the eyes and bring home the urgent necessity of giving in support of "the second line of defense."

Countess Chiquita Saanendra de Cerrantes Mazzuchi, scion of one of the oldest families in Spain, descendant of the author of "Don Quixote de la Mancha," left her castle in Spain to live as the wife of the Italian Consul in a chateau in Rheims, the Count Mazzuchi.

When the Germans were marching on Paris her chateau was destroyed by shellfire and left a mass of blackened stones. But this girl—she was twenty-six years old then—did not flee; she remained at the front, joining the French Army Aug. 4, 1914, and went into the first line trenches as a nurse.

Now she is known by thousands of French, Italian and British soldiers as "Sister" Chick, by which she prefers to be called. This is no time for titles, she says, because war and our duty are supreme; everything else is trivial.

"Sister" Chick bears upon her breast the coveted medal of the Legion d'Honneur, for which she was cited by five French Generals, one of whom is Gen. Claudon, now in the United States with the French Military Mission. This occurred Nov. 23, 1914. She had been decorated by the Italian Government for conspicuous bravery under fire. She came to America and pawned her famous collection of jewels to purchase Red Cross supplies for her wounded men.

She has not seen her husband for two years; he is still in Rheims, war is the supreme sacrament; love follows it. Now she has nothing but an indomitable courage and devotion to sick, wounded and dying.

This war nurse has been proposed for a commission in the Italian Army, a rare distinction, and has been placed in charge of twenty-seven emergency hospitals at Lattana, in the ridged province of Udine.

Her description of conditions during the first days of the war, when there was nothing with which to care for them, cannot but help arouse in Americans a serious determination to give to our own Red Cross. There is hardly a family here that has not some member in the war, or is not directly interested, and the thought that an avoidable death or disfigurement might have been eliminated should spur them on.

"When the German hordes came marching on Paris," said "Sister" Chick, describing the conditions as they first existed in the Red Cross, "we had nothing: bandages, ether, iodine, surgical instruments. We had no ambulances, the hospitals at Rheims were all on fire, the Cathedral was a mass of flames. In the first line of trenches the few nurses we had were inadequate to cope with the number of wounded and dying."

"The Germans were shelling the city continuously and punctually. Their outposts were in the remote parts of Rheims, and one day I saw an enemy ambulance driving through the street. I knew that it contained priceless bandages."

But then the French came up, driving the Germans from every corner. The ambulance started to follow, but "Sister" Chick, with a gleaming automatic, stepped on the running board. Pointing it at the driver's head, she commanded him to drive back, and he must have seen a glint of determination in her clear, blue eyes, for he obeyed.

"That ambulance netted me 10,000 bandages," she said, continuing, "a quantity of iodine and peroxide of hydrogen. With this lives were saved."

"I stayed for eight months on the French front, and when Italy entered the war I enlisted in the Third Italian Army under orders from Gen. Lombardi. It was toward the end of 1915."

"We had no X-ray machines, no operating tables, no hot water bottles, no ice bags. So I told Countess Minerva, wife of the Deputy of Parliament and head of the hospitals in Italy, that this must be remedied."

"Do you expect me to work like this?" I said. "I have been through eight months of it at Rheims."

"In three days I was on my way to America. The first day in Boston at a tea party I got seven cases of in-

struments and an X-ray machine. I had no letter of introduction. But the American people have a kind heart when you can show them facts. In the next few hours I got enough for an ambulance carrying 17 persons, and 400 cases of hospital supplies. Before I left Boston there were shipped a multitude of Red Cross supplies.

"I then went back to the Italian front. There I saw boys at Gorizia dying like fleas, and yet they were fighting like mad. There was no food, no ammunition, not enough Red Cross supplies for all. It would test the American soldiers to stand those hardships, and I hope they will not have to do it. Every dollar you give to the American Red Cross lessens that possibility."

"I want to ask the American women and the men too to give up their luxuries, not their comforts. If they could see what I have seen, could live through what I have lived through, nothing would be too great and no sacrifice would be too big. If they could see life as it is lived



in the trenches, jewelry and fine clothes would appear unnecessary.

"The Red Cross nurse to the soldier must give him more courage than anything else. When I was wounded in a hospital by a German sharpshooter who poked his rifle in a window and fired, I was compelled to stop work. And, lying on a meagre cot amid the men—there was no other place to go and no nurses to look after the soldiers—they came by to have their wounds dressed, light hearted, sympathetic and ever eager to get back into the trenches."

"The last wounded I saw upon leaving the front a short while ago was a baby two days old in a maternity hospital near Venice. Its leg had been blown off by a German shell and it was decorated in the arms of a Red Cross nurse. The nurse had tears in her eyes."

"No words of mine can describe what hospital supplies in ample quantity do for the fighting men—cut, torn and bleeding and maimed—when they come to the first aid

dressing stations and later to the base hospitals. And the Red Cross is fulfilling just that very need. Your own boys will suffer and die before the German Kaiser is beaten, and that dollar or a hundred or, better yet, a thousand, will alleviate and perhaps save the lives of many of them. Your own blood is at stake. Will you help?"

And this young, brave woman, crowned in her blue and white uniform of a nurse of the Third Italian Army, gazed out of the window at the Belmont Hotel upon the swiftly passing throng of New Yorkers and richly caparisoned limousines and said:

"Think of it! The wealth, the comforts, the luxury—if we had them over there it would be different. If those people only knew, what wouldn't they give?"

"Sister" Chick is in America to help the Italian Red Cross. But while the drive for the greater city's quota of \$25,000,000 is in progress she will devote all her time to further it over the top.

The Evening World Daily Magazine

101 Per Cent. Americans! Buy Red Cross Bonds!

They're for Sale at the National Conscience Bank and Your Interest Is Payable in Having Done Your Duty—At Any Time the Bonds Are Convertible Into Love, Kindness and Assistance to the Helpless and Wounded—Red Cross Bonds Are Traded In on Any Stock Market Where German Is Not Spoken.

BY ARTHUR ("BUGS") BAER.

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BUY A RED CROSS BOND. Purchasable in any amount from 1 cent to 1,000,000,000 beans! Can be bought at the NATIONAL CONSCIENCE BANK, corner Duty and Mercy Avenues, U. S. A. Branches in all the big cities and all the little cities also. THERE IS A BRANCH RIGHT BENEATH YOUR HAT!

RED CROSS BONDS can be bought outright or they can be purchased in installments. The INTEREST on RED CROSS BONDS is the SATISFACTION of realizing that you have seen your DUTY and grabbed it by the ears!

INTEREST PAYABLE any second of any minute in any hour of any day in any week in any month of the year!

RED CROSS BONDS are the bonds between American and European civilization. Exempt as to principal and interest from all taxation by the VOICE OF CONSCIENCE!

Not subject to call for redemption before Gabriel blows his old jazz cornet, but CONVERTIBLE AT ALL TIMES INTO LOVE, KINDNESS AND ASSISTANCE to the helpless and wounded.

RED CROSS BONDS are traded in daily in any stock market where German is NOT spoken.

The present market price is about 1,000,000 yards above par. And gaining every whirl of the clock.

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Remember, it is only a LOAN! It will be returned to you in Victory, Gratitude and the knowledge that you have accomplished your Duty.

Your DUTY is one quota that you can't oversubscribe.

Don't stop at being a 100 per cent. American. MAKE IT 101 PER CENT.

Be above par.

There are only two kinds of Americans at the present time. Those who HAVE bought RED CROSS BONDS and those who OUGHT TO!

Don't be an OUGHT American. Join the HAVES.

After buying a Red Cross bond, IMAGINE YOU ARE TWINS AND BUY ANOTHER.

A Red Cross bond will make you feel like another man. BUY A BOND FOR THE OTHER MAN.



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in the WORLD

These Stirring Posters
Will Help Red Cross
Win \$100,000,000 Drive

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GIVE!



The interest on Red Cross bonds multiplies faster than guinea pigs.

DON'T WEAR BLINDERS when passing a Red Cross booth!

And don't forget where RED CROSS BONDS ARE SOLD

THE NATIONAL CONSCIENCE BANK

CORNER DUTY AND MERCY STREETS.

U. S. A.

LONG MAY SHE WAVER!

(THIS SPACE HAS BEEN DONATED TO THE RED CROSS BY YOU.)

HIS HANDICAP.

"Don't you feel tempted to go into politics?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Dustin Stax; "but what chance have I? Having made a reputation as a financier, people would be almost sure to regard anything I undertook as merely a new form of investment."—Washington Star.



Anxious Bantam.

THE bantams were taking over a line of trenches from one of the guards' battalions during a very long spell of wet weather. As the guards were coming out one of the bantams asked a big guardsman: "How are the trenches—comfortable?"

"Yes," replied the six-footer. "Very cushy, but full of water."

"How deep?" inquired the four-footer, anxiously.

"Oh, about up to here!" said the guardsman, pointing to some clay on the breast of his tunic.

The bantam put his hand up to his head and exclaimed, wearily: "Then, Heaven help my cap badge!"—London Tit-Bits.

A Soft Berth.

A DASHING lieutenant colonel, ex-member of the General Staff, was approached by a recently drafted man. "What might your name be? Do you belong to this bunch?" "I'm the colonel in charge."

"Well, I see the balance of 'em busy around here, and I don't see you doing anything. How does a fellow go about getting your job?"—Everybody's Magazine.

Strains of "Marseillaise" From Church on Battle Line Spur French to a Victory

Poilus Pour Out of Trenches and Beat Back Charging Germans When Inspired Musician Plays Organ's Last Song—Incident in Georges Lafond's War Book, "Covered With Mud and Glory."

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall

THE story of a French machine gun company, its tragic sacrifices, its ardor and endurance, its fine comradeship between officers and men, the love of France which plays over all hearts like a giant hand touching softly the strings of a violin—that is the simple, sharply clear, inspiring story told by Georges Lafond in "Covered With Mud and Glory," now to be read in an English translation as excellent as that of Barbusse's "Under Fire," which, artistically, "Covered With Mud and Glory" recalls.

At the opening of the war Sergt. Major Lafond of the Territorial Hussars was in South America. He returned at once to his country and corps, but asked to be assigned as intelligence officer to the machine gun sections of the colonial infantry, and soon joined the second company of machine guns of the — first colonials at the front.

His company was nearly wiped out several times, and he and it saw much active service in Champagne, on the Somme, at Dampierre and elsewhere. Sergt. Major Lafond was discharged after the battles of Maconsnet in which he was seriously wounded. His book was written in hospital and first published in the Petit Parisien.

As Maurice Barres says in the preface he has written to it, the book is a series of pictures of war, pictures sharp as those drawn by an etcher, colorful as the work of the great masters of the brush. The actual experiences of the company in camp, in the trenches, in convoy work under fire, in patrols, in hand-to-hand fighting, are described with no straining for the dramatic, yet with an unerring sense of it.

There is, for example, the chapter called "With Music." Ordered to hold Hill 174, near Kerbecourt, the company is subjected to a terrific bombardment, which keeps away reinforcements and protects a German advance in superior force.

But at the top of the hill, in the French position, there is a little church, and in the church, at the harmonium, is "Father Music," be-

spring out of the trench in the teeth of the enemy, but two steps from him. And with an irresistible dash they charge him, follow him, crumble him. The Teutons flee in terror."

Near the end of the book there is a thrilling description of "the great attack," which has been preceded by an artillery bombardment of several days.

"The blast of the whistle—the final order—rings out," writes Sergt. Major Lafond. "I find myself on the slope without knowing how I came there, in the midst of the others, beside the Lieutenant, at my post."

"We are under the fire of a machine gun which defends the approach to our objective. The bullets whistle in a continuous buzz around us. A sharp, burning pain, like a sting, cry stops in my throat, on my very lips. I fall."

"It is nothing. A stone hurled violently by the bursting of a shell has hit me in the back. It has just missed killing me. All around there is an incessant rain of bullets and shrapnel. A greenish cloud rolls like a flood over the plain. The enemy is launching gas."

He tries to regain his company, with Sergt. Morin, who is returning with a message from the Major.

"We walk along side by side as fast as we can, but slowly, nevertheless. We get tangled in the barbed wire; we stumble over corpses; we fall headlong into shell holes. The mud covers the mica in my mask."

"A hundred yards in front of us the company reaches its objective, the hill and the Boche blockhouse. Two sections have rushed in and are already in action. Two more sections throw themselves into a crater more to the left. Suddenly there is a terrific explosion, and the most violent clap of thunder that can be imagined sends us head over heels. The blockhouse has just blown up with our two sections. It was mine. When the smoke lifts from the overturned ground all we can see are corpses scattered about. Our comrades, our dead."

"Groups of gray worms crawl out of the thickets. They reach the ridge. They stand up now and shout. They dash forward to take the crater."

"But almost at the end, at scarcely fifty yards, the four guns of our two sections, hidden in the shell holes, receive them with a withering fire. The Boche line cracks, breaks; groups of men fall in heaps, like puppets."

"But behind the files that fall are others in greater numbers. Our fire is slower. Our munitions are exhausted. The assailants realize this. Some of the groups have already reached our emplacements. An incredibly tall and strong officer hurries himself on a gun. It is Marseille's gun."

"Marseille tears the barrel from the tripod, and, using it as a pike, mace, beats the officer to death."

"Then from the support trench a company dashes out like a whirlwind. It throws the mass of the enemy into disorder, and it is soon just a mob which turns its back and flees frantically as fast as it can go, falling under our rifle fire and strewn in the ground with corpses and innumerable wounded, who drag themselves along on the ground begging for mercy."

"Covered With Mud and Glory" is published by Small, Maynard & Co.